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tion than he contrived to suggest his apprehension of peril to him for whose safety he was most concerned. The admonition, however, was ineffective, and the commandant with a frown, dismissed his *Artemidorus*, as one who would but mar their mirth.

The menial thus repulsed, passed out of the fort, with the intention of announcing his fears to the next military party that could or would release his master from the danger with which he considered him environed. He had not, however, gained many steps in his progress, when he was surrounded by the clan of the O'Neills, who, it appears, had gathered on the signal of their chief, to secure the conquest of that night. The fugitive was spied—he could not return—instantly he was seized and bound down, but, with a last effort as of warning to his friends within, he screamed aloud,—“the O'Neills! the O'Neills!”

The adherents of Lord Charlemont were instantly in arms; but the enemy without, aided as they were by Sir Phelim and his accomplices within, soon effected their entrance: the garrison were instantly seized, the noble family were thrown into close confinement, and such of the guards as offered more obstinate resistance, were slain. The valuables and arms were seized to the use of the successful marauders; and above all, one particular casket, which, from Sir Phelim's eagerness to discover and possess, it seemed almost the principal object of that night's foray, was carried off by that chieftain himself. This once obtained, the unwearied Sir Phelim threw himself at the head of a party of his men, and marching that night to Dungannon, took it by surprise, while others of his adherents possessed themselves of the castle of Mountjoy. It was a memorable night, for it was the eve and signal of the greatest rebellion that ever shook our native land!

D.

Summer-Hill.

(To be continued.)

## ROYAL HIBERNIAN ACADEMY.

On Monday last, His Grace the Duke of Northumberland honoured the annual exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy, with a visit, previous to its being opened to the public, and expressed himself in terms of marked approbation of the present display. Immediately after his departure, the Academy held a general meeting to fill up one of the remaining vacancies in the list of associates, when Mr. Frazer, landscape painter, was unanimously chosen.

We, too, have visited the fifth annual exhibition opened this week at the Royal Hibernian Academy, and have been very much gratified by the display it affords. We never before witnessed an exhibition here which displayed so much taste and judgment in the arrangement, or which contained so little that is absolutely bad. We know that it is very much the fashion to sneer at all productions of native art, as altogether beneath the notice of a critical connoisseur; but we also know, that this is a prejudice arising from sheer ignorance, and want of discernment to appreciate intrinsic excellence. We remember once visiting an exhibition which pleased us very much, with an acquaintance, who somewhat overpowered us by the voluble facility with which he exa-

mined and despatched the merits of each piece, as it passed in review before us: we ventured to hint our surprise, suggesting in the gentlest terms, that we who had devoted a good deal of attention to the subject, could not venture to vie with him in quickness and decision of criticism. Tut! said our friend, who happened to be in an honest humour, my dear fellow, I know no more of pictures than your foot; but observe, I always find fault: it requires no knowledge to do that, and I never do any thing else. This is, we suspect, the secret of the scoffing indifference shewn towards works of art in Ireland. Rothwell, though his sterling merit was fully appreciated, by the discerning, long before he left Ireland, got no encouragement proportioned to his abilities even the last year he was in Dublin; Danby too, and O'Connor (who is now painting a number of landscapes for the Duke of Orleans, himself an admirable landscape painter,) were both, in like manner, unnoticed and unknown while among us, though in full possession of all those powers of mind and pencil which have since rendered them so distinguished elsewhere. The now President of the Royal Academy, never, to the best of our knowledge, painted a picture for any one in this country, except a portrait of Mr. Spring Rice, for the Chamber of Commerce, in Limerick. In the present exhibition, the portrait of Lord Avonmore, by this gentleman, is one of the ablest productions of his pencil that we have seen. We have previously remarked that many of our artists have, on this occasion, surpassed all their former efforts. Cregan has, in his portrait of Mrs. Bertie Percy and child, produced a work which would do honor to any painter of the English school. Lover has come forward, for the first time, as a portrait painter in oils, in a way that leaves no possible doubt of his success in this branch of the art. We are compelled, however, in consequence of the space occupied by the ‘private view’ at Somerset House, to defer all the details both of this and the admirable exhibition of the ancient masters, at the Royal Irish Institution, till next week, when we hope to enter at large into the merits of both: yet we are reluctant to omit mentioning that several of the paintings of Mr. G. F. Mulvany, astonished and delighted us extremely. This young artist is really an honour to our city, and bids fair to reach, ere long, the very highest eminence in his profession.

We are surprised and sorry to see that the usual compliment of a military guard at the doors of the R. H. A. is this year withheld. Surely this simple and honourable mark of royal patronage ought not to be denied an institution, which is constituted by royal charter, and which reflects so much credit on the country? Sir John Byng is himself, we know, a patron of the arts, and we should be sorry to suppose he could refuse to gratify the Academy in so reasonable a request.

## MUSIC.

The Adelphi Theatre was graced by a most numerous and fashionable audience on Saturday evening, on the occasion of the Misses Ashe's concert.

The performances commenced with an overture of Haydn's, led by Mr. Barton, which was not quite so effective as we could have wished, owing to the paucity of instruments, but was otherwise admirably performed. It was

followed by an Italian terzetto, “Voli il piede,” which was charmingly given by the Misses Ashe, amongst whom we noticed a fair and very promising *debutante*, Miss Fanny Ashe. Mr. Barton, and Signor Bruni executed solos on the violin and guitar, and acquitted themselves most creditably, as did also Mr. Horn, in his pretty ballad of, “Helen Trevor,” and “The deep, deep Sea;” the latter, which was sung with much taste and judgment, received a general and well-deserved *encore*. This gentleman also contributed much to the effect of a beautiful duetto, “Ah si tu per gli occhi miei,” from Rossini's new Opera of *Guillaume Tell*: it was sung by him and Miss Ashe; the lady's part was given with all the chasteness and delicacy of style for which Miss Ashe is so distinguished, and richly deserved the unanimous applause with which it was rewarded. Mr. Pigott was, as he always is, admirable on the violincello. Mr. Conran presided at the piano-forte. The delightful trio of “Alice Gray,” was likewise an attractive feature in the entertainments of the night, and lost nothing of its natural pathos and beauty in the skilful hands of the Misses Ashe.

The concert was to have taken place on Friday, and at the Rotunda, but in consequence of the performance of “the last amateur play of the season,” at the Adelphi, on that evening, it was put off till the following one, and transferred to the Brunswick-street theatre, because the concert-room at the Rotunda was pre-engaged for Saturday night. So far as the music was concerned, this was certainly a loss, for independently of the associations connected with the Rotunda room, (though to one that “hath music in his soul,” this too is of some importance,) it is very much more favourably shaped and circumstanced for giving effect to the efforts of the performers, who have to struggle with considerable difficulties in making themselves distinctly and clearly audible from the stage of the Adelphi. We must assent, however, to the remark of a fair-lady friend of ours, who observed to us that in the latter place “the audience was seen to much greater advantage.” By the bye, we could not help being struck with the serio-comic contrast which the stage exhibited the other night, when the curtain drew up, to that which we had seen it present so lately at the private plays of the garrison. On those occasions it was all life and brilliancy and splendour, the glittering scene of some gay comedy,—on Saturday evening, it discovered to our spectacled optics, only a group of instrumental performers, each in his suit of sables, and looking serious and solemn as a Jew on settling-day.

## THE DRAMA.

We visited the Theatre on Monday evening to pay our *devoirs* to “Her Elephantine Majesty,” who was introduced to a crowded audience in a new piece, called “The Fire Fiend, or the Elephant of Siam.” She is certainly a most sagacious creature, and acquitted herself to the surprise and satisfaction of all who witnessed her performance. We cannot speak much for the production in which the animal is made to appear, as far as plot or language is concerned; the scenery and decorations are, however, remarkably splendid; and the dresses (which, we learn, have been brought from London, by Mr. Yates,) characteristic and appropriate.